

Friends are found in the strangest of places

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Summary: (Bit of an author's note inside). Hiccup is still, well, Hiccup and he gets lonely. He loves hearing stories from trader Johan and is intrigued, but somewhat unconvinced about a winter spirit. But not for long! Jack isn't happy about being passed off as a myth and decides to visit Hiccup and be a wee bit annoying... Not HiJack, just best buddies :P

## 1. Chapter 1

\*\*These are just another bunch of one-shots that I wanted to write. Hopefully I can get them down. I don't own HTTYD or ROTG, that's DreamWorks (who seriously need to team up with Disney- that'll be the ultimate movie!)\*\*

\*\*Apologies if the characters are a bit OC-ish, I'm still getting the hang of them!\*\*

\*\*Set from shortly before the first HTTYD film and hopefully up to the second one, but not entirely compliant to ROTG, so sorry about that!\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>When Hiccup first heard of Jack Frost, it was from trader Johan; one of those interesting tales from another town to explain winter. As far as he was concerned, the goddess Skadi was in control of winter, not some Frost guy.<p>

But that soon changed.

Hiccup was sharpening a sword- the first of many- in the workshop when frost started to gather on the blade. He dropped it in surprise, issuing a series of complaints from the waiting Vikings. He hastily corrected himself, calling "Butter-fingers" over his shoulder. The customers continued to grumble, but said nothing more. What else did they expect from a hiccup?

It happened again later that night. Hiccup had spent all day trying to figure out why the sword had frosted over in the heated workshop and why that one alone. At first he thought it was Skadi, but why would a goddess pay attention to him? He wasn't anything special.

At first, he didn't notice, passing it off for a bit of dust. Then there was another one and then a flurry of them- snowflakes.

In his room.

He sat up cautiously, snowflakes peppering his hair and dusting his blanket.

"I heard you didn't believe in me." Looking up, he saw a boy slightly older than him sitting on the ceiling.

The white-haired boy raised his hand as Hiccup opened his mouth to yell, shushing him gently. He was barefoot, carrying a wooden staff with a crooked end and dressed in a simple, dark brown shirt, almost like Hiccup's. His ice-blue eyes shone cheekily and, with a flick of the staff, the snow stopped. "I won't hurt you, don't worry." He dropped effortlessly, landing on the end of the bed and balancing there casually. "But I take it you believe in me because you can see and hear me."

"W-who-?"

"Jack Frost." He held his hand out, grinning broadly. "And you're Hiccup."

"How-?"

"I know things."

"I can see and hear you?"

"Oh." Jack hopped down and sat cross-legged at the foot of Hiccup's bed. Then he went on to tell Hiccup that he was immortal, could control snow and ice and that he could fly, yet he couldn't be seen or heard by anyone unless they believed in him. "So, here I am paying you a special visit." He beamed, like everything was crystal clear now. "Aren't you lucky?"

"Am I?" Jack's smile faltered slightly.

"You think I'm mad, don't you?"

"Uh, yeah."

"Brilliant." Jack's smile returned and he jumped up, grabbing Hiccup by the wrist and hauling him toward the window. Hiccup resisted, but Jack was stronger.

He grabbed Hiccup, wrapping his arm securely under his arms and then he was off. Hiccup yelled then, the ground getting further and further away. Snow and ice streamed from the crooked staff and spiralled down, floating out in all directions to coat Berk.

Jack stopped abruptly and laughed. "Calm down." He prompted

kindly.

"You- you- you-!"

"Breathe."

"Snow- ground- fly- oh gods!"

"You're not breathing." Hiccup inhaled sharply, the cold air stinging his lungs. From up here, the village looked like a toy set. Snow continued to lace through the air and thicken the layer already upon Berk. "See." Jack smiled warmly. "I wasn't lying."

"OK, OK, I believe you, now put me down." Jack's smile turned sly and he dropped like a stone.

Hiccup didn't have a breath left to scream.

Once back in his room, with two feet safely on the floor, Hiccup stared at Jack. "\_I'm\_ not mad, am I?"

"No." Jack assured. "You just believe."

"But- butâ€| I thought youâ€| you-"

"Were someone else's way of explaining winter." Jack finished. "I suppose I am, but I'm not as important as your snow goddess, Salmon."

"Skadi."

"Ah, man, I was so off. I'll get that right eventually." He made a face and then laughed. "Any questions?"

"Wh-?" Hiccup spluttered. "\_What kind of question is that\_?!"

"A questioning one." Jack regarded him momentarily. "Soâ€| any questions?"

"Whyâ€| why did youâ€| howâ€| whatâ€| whenâ€|?"

"You know what, I'll come back tomorrow. We'll talk then when you're not reeling from my awesome."

"What?"

"Night, Hiccup." And then he was gone, floating up and out the window. Hiccup scrambled after him, but by the time he reached the window, Jack was gone. All that was left was the four feet of snow he would have to wade through tomorrow.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>What do we think? Anything I can do that you guys want or to correct characters? Let me know! :D <strong>

2. Chapter 2

Surprisingly, Hiccup got over the initial shock of having Jack Frost

for a friend. So, he was immortal and had winter powers, but he was great fun. They had had more and more snow days, unsurprisingly, and the villagers all thought Skadi was punishing them for something. They had no idea Jack was being, well, Jack.

Hiccup had quickly learnt Jack was very annoying. He often got Hiccup into trouble, throwing snowballs with incredible accuracy. As no-one could see him, they all thought Hiccup had thrown them, but very few ever saw him throw a snowball and when they did, he didn't throw it at anyone.

"You're going to get me in trouble." Hiccup grumbled as he waded through the village. Jack bounced alongside him, snowball in hand and grinning mischievously. "Please don't throw that." Unlike Hiccup, Jack never missed.

"I'm not going to. You are." Jack lobbed the snowball. It soared through the air, covering a distance Hiccup would have, in no way ever, managed.

Unfortunately, it hit his dad in the back of the head, dislodging his helmet.

"Who threw that?!" Stoick roared, furiously scooping his helmet out of the snow and emptying it. Of course, no-one answered.

Well, no-one anyone but Hiccup could hear.

"I did!" Jack called. "I threw it!" He laughed and flew straight for Stoick, hopping from one Viking helmet to the other. It was a mystery why everyone's helmets suddenly became skewwhiff. "It was me." He declared proudly, smiling up at the chief. Stoick didn't notice him. Neither did anyone else.

Eventually, Stoick dropped the subject and carried on with his chiefly duties. Hiccup released a breath he hadn't realised he had been holding.

Jack reappeared next to him. "That was fun." He beamed, looking around for his next victim.

"No. More. Snowballs!" Hiccup hissed.

"Hiccup?"

"Busted." Jack teased. Hiccup turned cautiously. Astrid- oh gods- Astrid stood there, looking as amazing as ever, frowning at him, as ever.

"Who are you talking to?"

"Myself." Hiccup replied quickly- a little too quickly. Her eyes narrowed in suspicion, but thankfully she let it slide.

"You like her." Jack acknowledged happily, leaning against his staff. Hiccup didn't reply- she wasn't out of earshot just yet- but his face suddenly burned. "Oh, you do!" Jack snickered. "Awww, Cupid got you too then?"

"Who?"

"Cupid." Jack repeated patiently, juggling a snowball in his free hand. At Hiccup's blank look, he explained. "Shoots people with magic arrows that make you fall in love." He nodded after Astrid. "What's her name?"

"Astrid." Hiccup mumbled, starting to walk off. He had only known Jack a week, but he knew that smile- Trouble with a capital T. "And it's not Cupid," He said hastily. "It's Freya."

"Who? Oh! One of your godly people." Jack cleared his throat, hurrying after his friend. "I feel a song coming on."

"Please don't."

"Hiccup and Astrid sitting in a tree-" Hiccup ran for it then, but Jack could fly. So unfair.

Hiccup had been planning to 'have a word' with Jack about keeping quiet about the Astrid ordeal once back at his house, but his father was sat by the fire, an unrolled scroll in each hand.

"Hi Dad."

"Captain Snowball." Jack coughed.

"Hiccup." Stoick grunted in greeting, not looking up. Hiccup mentally sighed- that was as nice as he was going to get. "Gobber has new orders. Wants you to help."

"OK." Not even home for five seconds and his dad was already getting rid of him.

"Daddy issues?" Jack asked on the way to the workshop. Hiccup half-nodded, half-shook his head. "At least you know your dad." The immortal sighed.

"You have a dad?"

"Please don't tell me I have to explain where babies come from." Hiccup shook his head and Jack smiled. "Ah. Good."

"You're immortal though."

"I've figured everyone has to have parents, right?" Hiccup nodded. "Maybe mine are out there, I don't know."

"Theyâ€| didn't raise you?"

"Earliest thing I remember is rising out of a frozen lake." He got a very confused look for that. "Pretty much how I feel, but hey!" Jack tried for a smile. "I'm here now and I get to annoy you!"

"Yayâ€|"

"What took yer so long?" Gobber kidded, lowering a red-hot sword into a pot of cool water.

"I, uh, got distracted."

"Again?"

"This village is full of weird things."

"Uh huh." Gobber nodded disbelievingly, tossing the sword to Hiccup to sharpen. "Don't just stand there! We haven't got all day!"

"Bossy." Jack muttered.

"Busy." Hiccup corrected under his breath. The sword weighed about as much as he did, but he managed to lug it towards the grindstone. Jack watched curiously, chewing on his thumb. He was balanced atop the staff as if it were the most casual thing in the world.

"So, you can make swords and stuff?"

"I try."

"I noticed the burns." Jack nodded, smirking, at Hiccup's thin arms.

"I was only little."

"Littler."

"Hilarious."

"Hiccup!" Gobber hobbled back in. "That sword's done." He picked up an axe and dropped it in Hiccup's arms, nearly flooring him. "Back to work!"

"Ugh, work." But Jack stayed to watch, occasionally asking questions on how to craft weapons and the likes. As much as he hated hard work, he was interested in making weapons.

"You don't need weapons." Hiccup pointed out.

"You can never have too many weapons." Jack smiled, studying a dagger from all angles. He quickly figured out that he could reflect the light of the fire and blind his small friend. "Especially shiny ones."

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Next chapter will most likely include the bit where Hiccup shoots Toothless down and no-one believes himâ€¦ as long as I remember anyway :P What do we think for this one? :D <strong>

### 3. Chapter 3

Jack had heard a lot about dragons, but had never actually seen one. Hiccup tried to highlight the fact that they were fire-breathing killing machines, but his new friend didn't seem to mind that, jumping from wall to wall and all around the room, off the furniture, in excitement.

"Get one here!" Jack insisted childishly, eyes ablaze with

enthusiasm.

"Jack, you're a winter spirit. I don't think you and heat are going to mix that well." Jack froze momentarily, contemplating this new point. His shoulders slouched in defeat.

"I forgot about that." He turned to look back at the smaller boy. "I'm ice cold. Here," He held his hand out, sending a chill across Hiccup's arm, "not that I feel the cold or anything, but I can't get too warm."

"Why?"

"I get ill." He frowned. "I think anyway; I tend to stay away from fires and over-crowded rooms." He paused, looking bemused. "That makes me sound really unsociable." Hiccup just nodded, having quickly grown used to Jack zoning out every now and then. He would come back to earth in a few minutes.

Or a few seconds- depends if there was a dragon attack or not.

Such as now, for example- a perfect example- which sparked Jack into bustling out of the house to stare in wonder at the flying reptiles spewing white-hot flames everywhere.

Hiccup managed to grab him and haul him back in, slamming the door shut just as a Monstrous Nightmare billowed flames at his house. "So cool!" Jack breathed. "Hey, where are you going?" Hiccup had run out. Jack raced after him. "Wait for me!"

They sprinted to the workshop as fast as they could. Hiccup kept having to spur Jack on as he would stop every few seconds to ask questions about dragons, pointing and asking which was which and if he could have one.

Jack didn't pay much attention to Hiccup working the shop, other than to hear Gobber say something about toothpicks. He was too busy leaning out the window to observe the carnage outside.

"Night Fury!" A pale blue blast rocked one of the attack towers, dislodging half a dozen Vikings.

Gobber charged off at some point shortly after that, yelling defiantly. Hiccup waited for a moment and then rushed out with some weird cannon thing. Jack flew alongside Hiccup, firing questions at him. "Where are we going? What's that? Do I get a dragon? What's a Night Fury?"

"Will you shush?!" Hiccup protested.

"Never!" Jack laughed happily, sitting on the cannon thing. Hiccup knocked him off a few seconds later when activating the cannon. It turned out to be some form of giant crossbow. "I want one." Hiccup ignored him, scanning the skies and muttering to himself. "What are you doing?"

"Concentrating." He fired the crossbow, the force of the recoil knocking him flat on his back. A snap resounded, followed by startled cry a distance away. "I hit it!" Hiccup declared, disbelief fading into excitement. "Did anybody see that?"

"I did!"

"Except for you." A Monstrous Nightmare roared at Hiccup and chased him away. Jack followed happily, completely not understanding that this was life-or-death and not a game.

\* \* \*

><p>When Hiccup tried to explain to his father what had happened, Jack started to feel serious. His father was dragging him away, almost ashamed, and then started berating Hiccup for being <em>him</em>.

"I saw it!" Jack insisted, trying to defend Hiccup's case. He moved towards Stoick, hoping to explain, but the chief just passed right through him. Hiccup stared at him, amazed and confused. Jack just stared back, defeated. "Sorry Hiccup. I'm not much help, am I?"

Gobber walked Hiccup home. Jack followed miserably.

"He never listens. And when he does, it's with this disappointed scowl, like someone skipped on the meat in his sandwich." Hiccup reached the top step and started impersonating his father, which lightened Jack's mood considerably. "Excuse me, barmaid. You've brought me the wrong off-spring. I asked for an extra-large boy with beefy arms; extra guts and glory on the side. This here! This is a talking fish bone!"

"You've got this all wrong." Gobber told him. "It's not what you look like, but what's inside that he can't stand."

"Thank you for summing that up for me."

"What I'm trying to say is stop pretending to be something you're not."

"I just want to be one of you guys." Hiccup sighed, retreating into his home. Gobber sighed as well and left. Jack saw Hiccup escape through the back door and curiously followed.

"Talking fish bone?"

"Pretty much."

"If it makes you feel better, I'm invisible to pretty much everyone. At least you're noticed."

"I suppose."

"Where are you off to now then?"

"I hit a Night Fury. I need to find it and prove to my dad I'm not completely useless."

"That you're not a talking fish bone." He just nodded, drawing a small book from inside his jacket. "What's that?"

"Notes."

"Can I look?" Hiccup hesitated, but handed it over. Jack flicked through it, focusing on the pictures more than the words. "What are these?"

"Designs."

"For?"

"Hiccup-usable weapons."

"Like the cannon crossbow."

"Yeah."

"Can I have one?"

"Just take my one." Try as he might, Jack couldn't lift Hiccup's mood. The only thing he did do that made him feel ever so slightly useful was fly up to look for a Night Fury. Only problem with that was he had no idea what a Night Fury looked like. Hiccup didn't either, apparently, so told him to keep an eye out for a black dragon.

Hiccup found it, having smacked himself in the face with a branch. Comedy gold, as far as Jack was concerned, but the attack only seemed to annoy Hiccup further.

"Whoa!" Jack marvelled at the imprisoned dragon.

"I did it! Oh, this fixes everything!"

Jack saw a different side to Hiccup in the minute that followed, but it wasn't a violent, blood-thirsty Viking he saw. He saw a scared, lonely child desperately trying to prove to his dad and his village that he wasn't a talking fish bone.

Hiccup was kind and he regretted bringing down such a noble creature. He cut the Night Fury free, only for it to spring up and pin Hiccup against a boulder. Jack moved to help, but the only real damage the dragon did was make Hiccup go a wee bit deaf.

The dragon vanished. Hiccup remained where he was, breathing heavily. With fumbling fingers, he reached for his knife. He shakily got up, stumbled a few paces and then collapsed.

Jack was the lucky sod to carry him home.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>I tried to keep this as close to the film as I could, so I hope it's OK! I might not include the rest of the film though, just more one-shots like the first two chapters, just with Toothless. How does that sound? :D <strong>

#### 4. Chapter 4

\*\*To Guest 1- I got a bit confused with that as well myself (and  
\*\*\_\*\*I \*\*\_\*\*was \*\*\_\*\*writing\*\*\_\*\* it, what does \*\*\_\*\*that\*\*\_\*\* say?

:P ) but I got it! :D \*pats self on the back\*\*\*

\*\*To Guest 2- You'll have to get in line! Hiccup, me, Elmlea and then you :P (And I'm not very good with sharing :D )\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>"You're going to be in *so* *much* trouble." Jack didn't know a lot about dragons, but he did know that if you became best friends with one, your chiefly father wasn't going to be particularly happy with you.

But Toothless- great name- wasn't like everyone had feared. If you were nice to him, he was nice to you. They had even drawn pictures together and the dragon had gifted Hiccup with a regurgitated fish and insisted that he ate it. Jack had never had so much fun at someone else's expense.

And there was the other thing as well- Toothless could see Jack.

At first, they weren't sure, but Toothless bounded right up to Jack one afternoon and floored him, licking his face affectionately and covering him in slobber, much to Hiccup's merriment.

"Oh, this is priceless."

"Hey, you ate the fish. Shut up."

"We're even now though." Hiccup handed over the towel he had learnt to bring along. Jack dried himself off as best he could, the Night Fury rambling about, pawing curiously at butterflies. "Strange dragon." Hiccup turned to his friend to say something, but was caught off guard by Jack blowing on his face.

Jack had icy breath. Frozen snowballs hurt; a cold face was just as bad. He knew how much Hiccup hated that, so- of course- he did it when Hiccup least expected it. "I'm going off you." The smaller boy grumbled, massaging warmth into his face. Jack smirked cheekily, turning back to the dragon.

"What are you going to do?"

"Oh, I don't know. How does disappearing for five years sound?"

"Can talking fish bones survive that long?" Hiccup's shoulders slouched, unimpressed. "Just curious." Jack smiled. "I suppose if you take him with you, you'll be fine." He nodded at Toothless, who was now watching them curiously.

"I'm not completely useless you know."

"I didn't say you were."

"You implied it."

"I'd do no such thing." Jack protested rather pompously. Hiccup gave a very sarcastic, disbelieving 'hmmph!' Jack, being the bigger person, froze Hiccup's legs together.

"Aaaahhh, that's cold."

"Jack Frost. Winter powers." Jack huffed. "And you're supposed to be the smart one." Hiccup frowned at him, trying to break the ice with his hands. "You're going to hurt yourself."

"No, I can do it."

"Hiccup—"

"Shush." He whistled and gestured to Toothless. The dragon scrambled to help, padding around Hiccup and burning the ground. The ice started to melt and Hiccup was able to break chunks off. "I've gone off you entirely now."

"Oh, that's fine. I've got two other friends to annoy."

"You do?"

"Unlike you, Hiccup, I get out."

"Who are they?"

"You should meet them." Jack smiled. "One of them might try and shoot you, but she tries to shoot everyone. The other one!" He made a face, wincing, "if you see her with a frying pan, run."

"A what?"

"A frying pan."

"What's that?"

"Uhâ€| it's like a flat sauce pan. You fry stuff in it." Jack paused.  
"You don't have those?"

"Don't know what they are."

"Genius!" Jack declared, bopping Hiccup on the head playfully.  
"Absolute genius! How I grovel at your superior intellect."

"You don't have to be sarcastic for everything."

"You do! Why can't I?"

"I'm not sarcastic about everything."

"Uh huh."

"Shut up, Jack."

"I'm starting to annoy you."

"Oh, you haven't just started." Jack laughed triumphantly. Hiccup kicked a chunk of ice at him, but missed.

\* \* \*

><p>"Go on, Hiccup, show 'em who's boss!" Jack yelled happily. "But don't get partnered with <em>him<em>!" The other boy- Jack couldn't

remember his name- was always spouting dragon facts that didn't really help Hiccup's nerves.

A two headed dragon billowing green smoke bumbled from its cage. Each trainee had been given a bucket of water to douse the head that sparked the smoke into an explosion.

Within a minute, four trainees were down. The nerd boy threw water at the wrong head and ran away screaming and choking on the green gas. "Get him, Hiccup!" Jack shouted, balancing on the bars above the ring. Hiccup tried, but his water fell to the floor into a pathetic puddle. "What was that?" Jack protested. "You're not even trying!"

"Back!" Hiccup demanded, making a shooing motion at the dragon. "Back! Back! Now, don't make me tell you again! Yes, that's right, back into your cage." From where Jack was sat, he could see Hiccup pull something from under his jacket. "Now think about what you've done." He threw whatever it was into the cage and closed the doors.

Everyone else was staring at Hiccup, gob-smacked. Jack started to laugh at their gormless expressions and floated down.

"Nice one." Hiccup excused himself, the others still staring after him. "What did you throw at it?"

"An eel. Dragons don't like eels."

"Does anyone? Yuck." Hiccup smiled in agreement. "So, what are you going to do next? I doubt you can throw eels at every dragon."

"I'll think of something."

And he did.

With Toothless's help, Hiccup learnt that a certain grass was favoured immensely by dragons; they had a certain spot that made them collapse when scratched and they always chased little lights from reflective objects.

Jack would have learnt that too, but he was too busy catching Hiccup whenever he fell from his dragon. Eventually, Hiccup made a leash to stop him from falling, but that broke and he and Toothless were stuck.

"Keep still!" Hiccup demanded, trying to find his footing. Toothless didn't listen, happily jumping around and snuffling at the small figure hanging from his side.

"I got it." Jack smiled, holding up an Atlantic Cod. Toothless liked those. "Sit." Jack ordered. Toothless eyed him and then the fish. He growled. "No, if you want this, you have to sit." The dragon whined. "Sit." He sat. "Good boy!" Jack beamed, throwing the fish at him. Toothless wolfed it down in seconds, cooing.

Hiccup was on his feet now, balanced. He tried to pull the leash loose, but it was no good. "What are you going to do now?"

"I need to get back to the workshop."

"\_Teeny\_ tiny problem with thatâ€!" Toothless chortled, huffing and making Hiccup's hair stand up on end. "How are you going to hide a dragon?"

## 5. Chapter 5

\*\*To Guest who reviewed on chapter 3- Yay! I don't normally make sense! Half the time, I don't know what I'm on about myself! :D I'll try and do more, I've got lots of stories on the go at the minuteâ€! it's not easy, but hey! :P \*\*

\*\*To Guest 1- Yes they are! I was thinking of doing another set of one-shots and include them, but I don't know yet :P \*\*

\*\*To Guest 2- I love the Big Four! I think they're so cool! I don't mind Anna and Elsa, but they don't make the Big Six. It's just the Big Four :D \*\*

\*\*I'm keeping this as close to the film as I can- I'm too lazy to look for the videos to get the words right tonight :D\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>"Oh, you're *definitely* in trouble now." Jack was torn between amusement and worry for his small friend, but there wasn't much he could do- Astrid couldn't see him.

"W-what are you doing here?" Hiccup asked her, trying to stay calm while anxiously looking bout for his dragon. She ran a stone along the blade of her axe, the metal gleaming demonically in the sun.

"I want to know what's going on." She hopped down from the boulder, juggling her axe deftly from one hand to the other. "No-one gets as good as you. Especially you." Hiccup started stammering. "Start talking. Are you training with someone?"

"T-training-?"

"It better not involve this." She hoisted him up by his flight suit. Damn, she's strong, Jack thought to himself, poor Hiccup.

"I-I know, t-this looks bad." Something else caught her attention though. Hiccup hastily tried to distract her. "I've been making outfits. So now you know, take me home- ooowww, why would do that?!" Astrid had floored him, having twisted his hand back. She kicked him.

"That's for the lies." She dropped her axe on his stomach, "and that is for everything else."

And then Toothless came in and everything just went marvellously.

"Oh no."

"Get down!" Astrid tackled Hiccup- he had only been on his feet for a second- and then jumped up, axe at the ready.

"No!" Hiccup lunged forward, disarming her and throwing the axe aside. "She's a friend!" He reassured his dragon, hands up. To Astrid, "You just scared him."

"\_I\_ scared \_him\_. " She froze. "\_Who\_â€| is \_him\_?"

"Astrid, Toothless. Toothless, Astrid." The dragon snarled at the Vikingess.

"You just love getting in trouble, don't you?" Jack smirked as Astrid ran off.

"Da de duh, we're dead." Toothless flounced off. "Whoa, whoa, whoa, where do you think you're going?"

"Wait until you tell her about your imaginary friend. That amazing Jack Frost."

"If \_only\_ you were imaginary."

"Want me to freeze her?"

"Np."

Instead of freezing Astrid, Hiccup kidnapped her. Jack sat back at this point and happily watched as Toothless went mad, diving and spinning and being outright \_evil\_.

And then he levelled out, flying gracefully. Astrid must have apologised.

They disappeared for half an hour. Jack left to visit one of his friends and didn't return until the next morning. By then, Hiccup was in the arena and had to fight a dragon in front of his entire village. Talk about no pressure.

Astrid was waiting with Hiccup- it's amazing what a homicidal dragon can do.

Jack stood next to the chief, occasionally stirring a cold breeze to ruffle Stoick's feathers. This probably didn't help in the long run, but he didn't know that then.

Hiccup picked up a shield and a knife, wearing a Viking helmet. He looked ready to faint, but stood tall. "I'm ready."

The lever was pulled back and one of those dragons that set itself on fire exploded out of its cell. It scaled the arena's chained ceiling and blew fire into the crowd.

And then it noticed Hiccup, unfurling itself from the roof. A few Vikings shouted encouragement, but were severely disappointed and confused when Hiccup dropped the shield and his knife.

"What is he doing?" Stoick asked Gobber. Hiccup discarded his helmet.

"I'm not one of them."

"Stop the fight."

"No! I need you all to see this. We don't have to fight them."

"I said stop the fight!!" Stoick raged, slamming a hammer on the bars, denting them all out of shape. Jack took flight, flying faster than ever before.

The dragon startled and billowed flames. Hiccup ran for it. Some ice or a well-aimed snowball would be nice about now, but he couldn't see Jack's shock of white hair anywhere.

"Hiccup!" Astrid called. She opened the gate with an axe and slid in, kicking up a hammer and throwing it. It smacked the dragon in the face and it rounded on her.

Stoick arrived and threw open the gate.

"This way!" He got Astrid to safety, but a torrent of fire had Hiccup running the other way.

Introducing Toothless, rushing in and blasting the arena's bars out of his way, as though they were nothing. Smoke barricaded their vision and then the two dragons appeared, grappling with each other. Jack alighted next to Hiccup, beaming.

"Night Fury!" Gobber marvelled.

That's when it all went downhill.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>That's all for tonight. I don't really have anything at the moment. <strong>

## 6. Chapter 6

\*\*To Guest- I've started a Big Four one-shot. I might add it in on this one as soon as I find it. You're right- Big Six is nothing like Big Four :P \*\*

\*\*To WEast- (Chap 1)- I'm hoping to keep them both in character, so that sounding like himâ€¦ thank you! :D (Chap 2)- I am trying with Hiccup, but I don't want to get his character wrong. Anything I could do to make him better? (Chap 4)- No, it wasn't a reference to the Avengers, but I can see where you're coming from with that :P \*\*

\*\*Slight time-skip\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>"I lose track of you for <em>five minutes</em> and you get your dad's approval by destroying a massive dragon, uniting dragons and Vikings and- most importantly- YOU LOSE A LEG!"

"I've lost a leg? Huh, never noticed."

"THIS IS NO TIME FOR SARCASM! I CAN'T TAKE YOU

ANYWHERE!"

"Jack-"

"THIS IS WHY WE CAN'T HAVE NICE THINGS, HICCUP!"

"That's a bit irrelevant andâ€¢ all because I lost a leg?"

"YOU LOST A LEG!" Jack exhaled deeply, collapsing back into a chair.

"You got that out of your system?"

"You," Jack pointed at him firmly, not taking his eyes from the ceiling, "are grounded. For life." Hiccup rolled his eyes, but his friend noticed. "And I'm immortal, so I can make sure you are grounded. For life! Big time grounded, mister!" Toothless snorted at him, uncurling from his new rock bed. "Don't you start," Jack warned, "Hiccup is enough trouble as it is, I don't need to deal with you too!"

"Jack, calm down." Hiccup was doing his best not to laugh, which only annoyed Jack more.

"I will not calm down!" He argued, icing Hiccup's mismatched feet to his bed. "GROUNDED!"

"Jack-"

"Hiccup! Who are you talking to?" Hiccup hastily threw his blanket over his legs and feet and leant back against the headboard. His father muscled in, torn between concern and curiosity. His eyes scanned the room, alert. "Everything alright, son?"

"Yeah, yeah, I'm good."

"Who were you talking to?"

"Um, Toothless." The dragon cooed and snuggled up to the chief, mewling when he wasn't given any affection. Stoick regarded his son for a moment before shaking it off.

"Dinner'll be ready soon. Come down and talk to people. You know, ones who talk back."

"Sounds like a great idea! I wonder why I never thought of itâ€¢!" Stoick crossed his arms over his chest. "Yes, Dad." Hiccup corrected dutifully. His father nodded once and left. "Are you still sulking?" He directed his question at Jack, but was more focused on his dragon, fussing over him and scratching him behind the ear.

"What do you think?" Jack shot back.

"I think you should un-ice my feet before Dad thinks I'm abnormal again."

"Well, tough. You're grounded." Jack rose. "You had better be there when I get back."

"Where are you going?"

"To see my nice, fully-limbed friends." Jack jumped up and floated out the window, giving Hiccup a final, cautioning look before disappearing. Hiccup shook his head at his immortal friend, removing the blanket to try and chip his way free. He couldn't have Toothless melt him out otherwise he would set fire to the bed.

He was going to be a little late for dinner.

\* \* \*

><p>Hiccup only saw Jack a few times over the next six months. Jack still hadn't forgiven him for losing a leg- <em>like it had been intentional </em> - but he wasn't sulking so much now. He even gave advice on girls.

"You Vikings are weird, but girls usually like flowers, smooth compliments and pleasant surprises."

"We're not weird. And what, are you some sort of love expert?"  
\*\*(Reference)\*\*

"You are weird, case closed." Jack didn't answer Hiccup's question, his eyes sad and confused as he mulled over it.

"What's the matter?"

"I-I don't know." Jack irritably massaged his forehead. "I feel like I should know something about this, but I can't I don't know!" He puzzled further for another minute and then sighed, defeated. "I'll just help you with your lady." Hiccup turned bright pink and his hands started to fidget nervously, picking up tools and bits of metal and dropping them back into place haphazardly. "Hey." Jack nudged him kindly. "You're Berk's conquering hero! What lady wouldn't fall head over heels for you?"

"Um, most of them. You know, the women who want big strong Vikings."

"How many of those big strong Vikings-\_"

"I don't sound like that-"

"-defeated an almighty dragon single-handedly?"

"I had help-"

"How many of those big strong Vikings made peace with the dragons?"

"Mostly all of them, but-"

"But you set off a chain reaction, my friend!" Jack threw a brotherly arm around his small friend and laughed. "Stop being so nice. If it wasn't for you, dragons and Vikings would still be at war. And your tribe would still find you a nuisance. And your dad wouldn't be proud of you. And you wouldn't suddenly be ideal boyfriend material. You-"

"I'm still me though."

"Except that bit." Jack pointed down at Hiccup's prosthetic leg.  
"That's Gobber's."

"Jack-"

"Hiccup! You here?" Hiccup startled, knocking over a bucket of water and sending a clump of tools cascading to the floor. "Hiccup?" Astrid peered around the door frame. "Uh, you OK?"

"I-I'm fine. I just... I just tripped. Yes, tripped." She gave him a bewildered look while Jack smacked himself in the forehead. Six months as Berk's new celebrity and he was still a stammering, clumsy idiot. "Ca-can I help you?"

"Could you sharpen my axe?" She held up her favoured weapon, stepping into the room.

"Y-yeah, sure! I could!"

"Are you sure you're OK?"

"Mm-hm." Hiccup nodded a little too enthusiastically. She handed over her axe and he struggled with it for a second. "Why wouldn't I be?"

"Because you're a blithering idiot." Jack replied.

"You seem jittery." Astrid said at the same time.

"Shut up, Jack." Hiccup hissed, turning the handle of the grind stone.

"What did you say? Did you just tell me to shut up?" Astrid demanded.

"No, no! Never!" Hiccup promised. She regarded him coolly, folding her arms. Hiccup returned to his work, his shoulders hunched in embarrassment. Jack snickered and danced about Astrid, pulling faces and drawing in a cold, wintery breeze.

Hiccup noticed her shivering and hurriedly set the axe down. "Here." He took her gently by the wrist and directed her to the forge's fire. "Better?" She nodded, smiling gratefully as she warmed her hands. Hiccup mouthed 'behave!' to Jack while she was distracted.

"Never!" Jack laughed. Hiccup's eyes flicked to the ceiling, as if asking the gods why he was stuck with this idiot.

"So, defeated any huge, ugly dragons lately?" Astrid asked lightly.

"I eat them for breakfast." Hiccup said, playing along as he finished sharpening the axe. Astrid, Jack saw, smiled to herself. "Here you go." He returned the weapon. Astrid hefted it easily, juggling it from one hand to the other and then running her thumb over the edge.

"Very nice."

"Best customer service Berk has to offer." Hiccup told her, smiling timidly.

"Thanks."

"Anytime." She said her goodbyes and left. Hiccup watched after her, a dreamy look washing over his features. Jack floated silently down next to him, leaning on his staff.

"So," He said a minute later, startling Hiccup from his daydream.  
"How'd it go?"

"I don't think she wants to kill me."

"Today." Jack added quickly. "A girl like that- she'll want to kill someone all the time. Especially little weeds like that Hiccup lad working in the forges." Jack teased, chucking Hiccup under the chin. Hiccup waved him away, trying to be annoyed, but still in a star-struck daze over Astrid.

Jack sighed. Some things would never change.

End  
file.